

# THE MAELSTROM

BY FRANK FROEST.  
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation  
Department of Scotland Yard.

He too had come to a resolve. "Tell me," he said levelly, "before you say anything else. Did you have a part in the murder of your father?" She stared at him, white and half-rose. Her shapely lips were working strangely. "Do you think—she began. And then tensely. "No, no, no!" Her voice fell to a strained whisper. "Why do you ask me that? I had known—if I could have prevented it. It was evident that she was rapidly becoming distraught. He felt himself a cur, but he pressed home the question, relentlessly. "Do you know who it was that murdered your father?" Her fair head fell to her arms on the table. Had Hallett known, he could not have put his questions at a time more likely to bring an answer from her. All that morning she had borne herself before the keen eyes of Menzies and his assistants, conscious that the slightest falter might betray what she did not wish known. Her nerves were now paying the penalty. She raised a face taut with emotion toward Hallett.

"God help me," she moaned. "I believe I do."

CHAPTER VII.  
Peggy's Story.

Hallett had expected the answer, and yet it came to him as a shock. Peggy Grey-Straton was regarding him with an expression half-defiant, half-appealing. His eyes wandered round the room. All that morning she had stood in a recess behind one of the marbled pillars, and they were thus separated from the general company in the room.

Her voices had been low, but he was afraid they might have attracted attention. But no one seemed to have observed them, and he turned once more to her.

Somehow she had repressed her weakness. He signalled to the waiter and ordered a liqueur. As she took it he observed that her hand was perfectly steady. And yet but a moment before she had been on the verge of hysterics.

"Tell me just what you like," he said simply. "Just as much or as little as you like. You can trust me."

"Thank you," she said; "you are very good. Let me think. To begin with, you must know my father was a very strange man. When I was quite a baby he quarrelled with my mother and I was sent down into the country, where I lived with an old gentleman farmer and his wife, named Dixward. I always understood that I was their child until a few years ago—they never spoke of either my father or my mother. Once—just before I went to school—he came to see me. I, of course, did not know who he was. "I was sent to a convent school at Bruges, where I was brought up, of course, being in Sussex. Occasionally I was brought to London. I won't go into all the detail of my life until I left school; it wouldn't interest you. All this time remember I had no knowledge of any relations but the Dixwards.

"When I left school I learned for the first time that I was not their daughter. Mr. Pembroke, a solicitor, came over to Bruges and told me very nicely. But—acting on instructions, he said—he could give me no clue to my parents. There would be three hundred a year—about fifteen dollars in your currency—payable to me quarterly by his firm. I was no longer to look to the Dixwards for support.

"Mr. Pembroke was very nice, but he had his instructions. I asked him what I was expected to do. 'I presume,' he said, 'that you—' he could not think of a word at first—'benefactor intends that you shall have enough to support you respectably. Think over your plans tonight, and dear young lady, and we will talk it over in the morning.'

"I did think it over. You may imagine that I slept little that night. I have a certain facility for painting, and that seemed to me to offer an outlet to ambition. I told Pembroke next day. He expressed neither approval nor disapproval. A cheque, he said, would be waiting for me at the offices of his firm on the first day of every quarter. He offered to give me introductions in London, but I answered that the only introduction I needed was to my parents. He shook his head at me a little doubtfully, and that ended the conversation.

"I wanted to see the world a little before I settled down in London. I went to see the Dixwards, but I word could get from them as to who I really was. They were kindly people, but not simple. They would tell me nothing. Perhaps if I had then been less of a raw child—if I had had more knowledge of the world—I might have got round them. Later on some one else—but I am coming to that.

"The Dixwards were troubled about me—naturally. Of course I promised to keep in touch with them, I changed my name. I became Lucy Olney. That, by the way, Mr. Hallett, is the name I still keep.

"The allowance I was to receive seemed a tremendous fortune to me. I went abroad—to study art, I told myself. I went to Paris, to Rome, to Nice and other places. But the money did not prove so ample as I expected. Perhaps I was extravagant. Anyway, in about eight months I was in London, determined to make my fortune—and I still thought that my art pointed the way.

"You will guess that I had some troubles. Art for art's sake is one thing, but I am afraid I haven't the true temperament. I wanted recognition, and though I could have existed without the money, I wanted money as a proof that I was recognized. But no one seemed to appreciate me as a genius. It was difficult enough to get dealers to take my pictures at a price that barely paid for canvas and paint. Then I drifted into magazine and book illustration work, and at that I found my metier. I earned much more than I really needed—even without my allowance."

"She fingered a serviette absently for a moment. There was abstraction in her eyes. Hallett waited without interruption for her to resume.

"I have not told you that I have a step-brother," she went on. "Indeed, I did not know it myself till two years ago. He is my mother's son by her first marriage, and is much older than myself. He was sent abroad at the time that I was handed over to the Dixwards. As I say, two years ago he traced me out—I believe he got my adopted name and my address from the Dixwards."

"It was from him that I first learned who I was, who my father was, who my mother was. He told me the whole terrible story of Mr. Grey-Straton—I can't call him my father—break with my mother. He swore that she was innocent—that it was a madman's fit of jealousy that broke up the home. I—"

Her throat worked and it was some moments before she resumed. "My brother had only recently returned to England, and he told me that his first step had been to find me. He wanted me to go back with him to Canada. You're my baby sister," he said; "I have a right to look after you. There's only you and I now."

(To be continued.)

THE HANDY MAN.

There is an almost universal opinion that every girl should be brought up to be capable in the domestic arts, to be, in short, a good housekeeper; but it is generally deemed of less importance that every boy should be brought up to be a handy man about the house. Even among the families of those who lay most stress

upon the value of education there are many who do not regard incapacity to "fix things" as a serious matter. If a boy stands well in his class at school, his parents are likely to excuse a certain incompetence on his part in dealing with jobs that require some practical knowledge and manual dexterity. They may even feel that it is the natural attribute of one who is destined to large intellectual achievement. It is a foolish notion, of course, but many people are foolish about their children.

Just as virtually every girl learns to sew and knit and cook, so every boy ought to learn to do simple jobs in painting and carpentry work, to mend broken furniture and set panes of glass in broken windows, to thaw frozen pipes and put in new washers where faucets are dripping, and to repair electric bells that are out of order—to say nothing of "managing the furnace" and knowing how to start a fire in the kitchen stove. In short, the boy should qualify himself to become a householder just as his sister qualifies herself to become a housekeeper.

WHAT TO DO FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

GOOD ADVICE FROM ONE WHO HAD SUFFERED MUCH.

Nine-tenths of all forms of indigestion or so-called stomach trouble are not due to the condition of the stomach at all, but are caused by other influences. The great contributing cause of indigestion is thin blood. Good blood and plenty of it is required by the stomach to take care of the food. If the blood is thin the stomach functions sluggishly, food lies undigested, gas forms and causes pain in various parts of the body. Instead of getting nourishment from the blood the system gets poison.

Relief from this condition can be obtained by the tonic treatment which Mr. D. Shaw, M. T. Stewart, P. E. I., and others, Mr. Shaw recommends to others. Mr. Shaw says: "I suffered from indigestion for over four years, and have tried many of the well-known remedies for such troubles, but never obtained more than temporary relief. The trouble was aggravated by constipation setting in, and laxatives only gave relief to the bowels and left the stomach in worse condition. The result was my blood was growing more and more anaemic, I did not sleep well at night, and was growing despondent. I was in this wretched condition when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got three boxes and by the time they were finished there was some change for the better. This greatly encouraged me and I continued taking the pills for some three months, by which time my stomach was all right again, my blood, nerves strong and life was again worth living. My advice to all who suffer from stomach trouble is to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HELLO, HAPPY HUSBANDS!

Are husbands always happy? Husbands enjoy all the comforts of a good home and incidentally learn to take as well as give in little family quarrels. Eacheers miss the scrapping privileges accorded benedicts. But, they both enjoy the wise and witty quips about hubby, shown in the popular film subject, "Topics of the Day." How true to life these wordings are, you may judge from the following "Topic" selections, made for our readers:

"Say, Joe, you ought to buck up and show your wife who is running things at your house," Henpeck, (sadly) "It isn't necessary. She knows."—London Answers.

Husband—"Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?" Wife—"That's what she wants to see you about."—Saskatoon Telegram.

"Cheer up, old man; Why don't you drown your sorrows?" "She's bigger than I am, and besides, it would be murder!"—London (Eng.) Tit-Bits.

She (during the quarrel):—"You never deserved a wife like me!" He—"And I never deserved the rheumatism; but I got it just the same."—Toronto World.

Officer—"Why are you rushing along with that bundle?" "It's my wife's hat and I'm afraid the style will change."—Women's Wear (N.Y.)

"So you are going to send your wife away to the country for a rest?" "Yes, I need it badly."—The Crow's Nest.

Chicago judge holds that it is impossible for a man to steal from his wife. In the language of Blackstone, judge, you said a mouthful.—New York Mail.

A "Be Kind to Husbands Week" might be proposed—seven days in which none are to be shot.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE ROUND TABLE

"WHERE WE MAKE FRIENDS OF BOOKS."

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER.

If Zane Grey possesses any one quality in superlative degree it is the ability to entertain. In this novel of the mountain regions of Colorado there is not one dull page; from cover to cover the book is throbbing with life, action, and color. Despite the implications of the title, the story is in large part one of love rather than of adventure. An old rancher proposes to give his adopted daughter in marriage to his dissolute son, to whose vices he is singularly blind. The daughter is in love with another man, yet dutifully agrees to obey her parent. But the real father opportunely appears on the scene, succeeds in delaying the marriage, and finally, after numerous secret machinations and several shooting affrays, averts

it altogether by the simple expedient of slaying the proposed bridegroom. The story, however, is not so melodramatic as this outline might suggest. On the whole, it is told quite convincingly; and if here and there it verges on the melodramatic the situations nevertheless have the unmistakable stamp of reality. There is something of the tang of the wild in the book; the characters are alive and breathing something uncouth and primitive, yet usually vigorous and very human. And the book gains immensely in impressiveness through its beautiful and graphic descriptions of the mountain background.

"The Mysterious Rider," by Zane Grey. Published by The Musson Book Company, Toronto.

HOW ANIMALS SLEEP.

Some Standing up Some Lying Down and Some Don't Sleep At All.

Elephants sleep standing up. When in a herd a certain number will always stand watch while the others sleep, for the big powerful beasts are timid and cautious at night and will not go to sleep unguarded. Bats sleep head downward, hanging by their hind claws. Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned toward over the back thrust beneath the wing. Storks, gulls and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg. Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting ashore, they keep paddling in a circle. Foxes and Wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together and blanketed by their bushy tails. Lions, tigers and cat animals stretch themselves out flat upon the side. Their muscles twitch and throb, indicating that they are light and restless sleepers. Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have screens that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the day time.

Is Your Nose Plugged? Have You Catarrh?

If Subject to Colds, Here is Real Good Advice.

Don't load your stomach with cough syrups, send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the Catarrh. Easy to do this with CATARRHOZONE, which helps a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs goes the healing vapor of Catarrhozone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils, and air passages—everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrhozone follow. You'll not have colds, nor will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis, or throat trouble if Catarrhozone is used. Get it today but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone. Large size, two months' treatment, costs \$1.00; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Montreal.

WHY IS IT A "NEWSPAPER?"

It is still "journalism," just the old "journals" and no more. "Gazettes," too, have made way for the modern "newspaper."

Composed of the two most obvious, most logical words for the purpose, "newspaper" would not seem a likely example of the romance of words. But in its origin we find an interesting story. To indicate that all parts of the world were covered in the little single sheet papers it was the custom in the early days of journalism to print at the top the four points of the compass.

An enterprising publisher rearranged the letters in a straight line and printed the words "News."

SURE PROTECTION FOR YOU WHILE YOU TRAVEL.

You may find the water bad, some poorly cooked food may excite trouble, a draught from a car window may give you an ache or pain—a cold room or damp sheets may cause rheumatic twinges. Remember this: any pain that is caused by congestion yields rapidly to Nerviline. When your stomach is sour and upset, just try the magical effect of twenty drops of Nerviline is sweetened water. It cramps waken you in the dead of night. Nerviline will fix those awful cramps in a hurry. Keep a 35-cent bottle of Nerviline in hand—always.

The Chinese have a flower which is white at night or in the shade, and red in the sunlight.

EVERY WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH

Has an awful struggle. Lots to do, all kinds of worry, poor appetite, headaches, weakness. Her one desire is for more strength and better health. What sickly worn out women need is a cleansing, blood purifying remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This wonderful medicine cleans out the wastes from the system, regulates the bowels, helps the blood. To look your best, to feel fit and fine all day, to be free from lassitude and headache, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, regularly 25c at all dealers of The Catarrhozone Co., Montreal.

YOUR EYES AND THEIR CARE

Formerly, glasses were considered necessary only when a person's age seemed to seriously affect the eyesight. The use of glasses were considered an acknowledgement of old age.

Today, however, the use of glasses for other eye defects is so general that even the very young people do not attract unfavorable or unusual attention by wearing glasses which are properly suited to their facial characteristics.

The normal or emmetropic eye is very rarely met with. Over 90 per cent of all eyes show some form of eye defects. The more common errors of refraction are myopia (short sight), hypermetropia (far-sight), astigmatism (mixed sight), presbyopia (old sight) and muscular imbalance (uncomfortable sight).

Presbyopia is an eye defect that comes to practically everybody at the age from 35 to 45. It is in reality an "old eye" and is due to the hardening of the tissues of the crystalline lens. The eye gradually loses its ability to focus for near objects, consequently glasses are required to make things clear at close range.

If you wish to have a question answered regarding your eyes, write direct to Dr. Brown, 1 Adelaide street east, Toronto, and the answer will be given in this department.

I have severe headaches, but have good eyesight, are my eyes at fault? This is a frequent question and in most cases the eyes are at fault. Good vision is not always a guarantee that the eyes are normal, for there may be a strain over-coming a hidden optical defect. Better have your eyes examined.

DOMINION WOOL MARKET REPORT.

As a result of extensive sales of graded wools and the fact that price levels seem to be more or less stabilized, farmers throughout the Dominion, apparently finding that there is no real advantage in holding unsold wools any longer, are beginning to forward same for grading and cooperative sale, with the hope that they may be disposed of in the Spring before the new clip comes to market.

Extensive buying in Australia and Great Britain by United States firms has had a strengthening effect on wool movements both at home and abroad. The first sale of new clip wool is reported from Texas, where 1,000,000 pounds have been moved at 30c.


According to experiments made at the Pasture Institute in Paris an average of about six quarts of alcohol can be made from each 100 pounds of seaweed.

Rheumatism Left Him As If By Magic!

Had Suffered Over 50 Years! Now 83 Years, Yet A Big Surprise to Friends

Regains Strength Goes out Fishing, Back to Business, Laughs at "URIC ACID"

How the "Inner Mysteries" Reveals Startling Facts Overlooked By Doctors and Scientists For Centuries



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. By now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and millions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every newborn babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have long been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

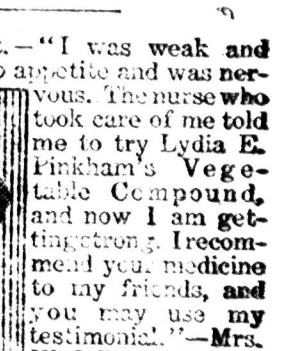
Note: If any reader of this paper wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post-card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 555-T Street, Hollowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget? If not a sufferer yourself had this good news to some afflicted friend.

A Grove on a Roof.

Apreros of "Mossbacks," what reason is there for a bunch of trees on a Court House? A tree growing on the court house tower has given Greensburg, Ind., the name of "The Lone Tree City." The tree first appeared in 1871 and has weathered the storms for nearly forty-nine years, 110 feet above the ground. There were seven trees in all appearing in the early '70s on the tower, and an eighth in 1960.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

This is a Short Letter, But It Proves the Reliability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

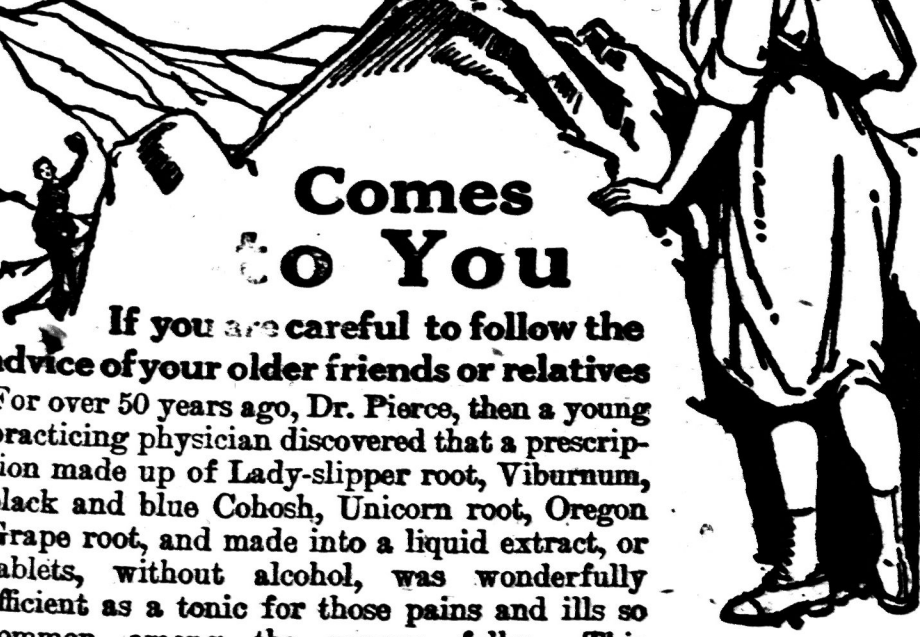


Botwell, Ont.—"I was weak and run down, had no appetite and was nervous. The nurse who took care of me told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I am getting strong. I recommend your medicine to my friends, and you may use my testimonial."—Mrs. V. J. Brady, R. R. 2, Botwell, Ont.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming women's ills is because it contains the best strengthening properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, beneficial influence, and as it contains no narcotics or harmful drugs it is a safe medicine for women.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read, and answered by women only.

# The Glow of Health



If you are careful to follow the advice of your older friends or relatives For over 50 years ago, Dr. Pierce, then a young practicing physician discovered that a prescription made up of Lady-slipper root, Viburnum, black and blue Cohosh, Unicorn root, Oregon Grape root, and made into a liquid extract, or tablets, without alcohol, was wonderfully efficient as a tonic for those pains and ills so common among the women folks. This woman's tonic has sold as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for over fifty years and is just as popular and efficient now as at any time. Over a million bottles were sold last year and many of your friends and neighbors can testify as to how good it is.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.—"Dr. Pierce's valuable remedies are kept in stock at our home, and have been so for a number of years. I first used them in Port Arthur as a trial bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' was given to me. I wish to truthfully state that I believe it saved me from an operation. If all ailing women, would only take a trial bottle, there would be fewer broken-down and disheartened women. Remember, this is not a patent medicine put up by a quack doctor, but is a good, first-class herbal medicine that produces wonderful results in a short time."—Mrs. CATHERINE DEMPSEY, 32 Bridge Street.

FACE REALS  
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